

TO HIS  
MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY  
**V V I L L I A M**  
**King of Great-Brittain, &**

The Humble Address of the Regimented

**C A M E R O N I A N P R E S B Y T E R I A N S**

Lying at **MONTROSE**, and Adjacent Cities in **ANGUS**.  
December 12th. 1689.

**R**eligious Sir, whom GOD doth call and chuse,  
On Earth His great Lieutenants place to use;  
We bless that Night, which did bring forth that Morn,  
Wherein 'twas said, There is a Man Child born,  
Of so much Valour and renown'd Esteem,  
Who shall from Bondage Britains Isle redeem:  
O! Happy time wherein we now can say,  
(Although we be be-north the River Tay)  
Which Place, Great Sir, of all Your great Dominions,  
Doth hate us most, and all of our Opinions;  
For there the Gospel never shined bright,  
They loved Darkness, greatly hated Light;  
They mocke Religion, and True Gospel Preachers,  
Painful Pastors, and Religious Teachers;  
And also, Sir, we dare be bold to say,  
The Devil reigneth there, until this day;  
They love not you, who is their Royal HERO;  
But cleave to James, that Cruel Bloody Nero.  
Ere Great Sir, some Angus Lairds,

These are their Principles, this is their Zeal.

O! Happy time, we say, when we can boast,  
For all their Circuits, and the Highland Post!  
For all their Tests, and Bonds of Regulation,  
Which were so grievous to this Ancient Nation;  
Yet some of us our Garments kept clean,  
And free of spots, ye know, Sir, what we mean.

Sir, we have seen the day, when James did reign,  
They would our Brethren to the Scaffold bring,  
And Torture them alive, like Mallefactors.  
Or, in some Murdering Stratagim, great Actors  
Would fix their Heads up in the Marcat Places,  
A Curse come down their Bloody Murdering Faces.

Again, Great Sir, we ever will incline,  
To Register the Fatal Eighty Nine:  
In which the LORD hath you our King appointed,  
And since, Great Sir, you are the LORD's Anointed;  
HE hath wrought wonderous Works to bring you in,  
Imploy your strength against that Man of Sin;  
Crush his Designs, confound their Popish Plots,  
Believe them not, altho they turn their Coats.

Of you, Great Sir, the Prophets have foretold,  
In latter times, and in the dayes of Old;  
Great Britains King shall yet Religious be,  
And shall demolish Grove, and each green Tree,  
In which your Priors, did their Homage give  
To Stocks, and Stones, and things which do not live!  
And while you Fight against JEHOVAH's Foes,  
And still in him your Confidence repose,  
He'll be your Shield and Buckler in the War,  
And when your Enemies approach afar;  
At sight of you, they'll turne their back and yield.  
Because the LORD for you doth fight the Field;

But yet, Great Sir, if you shall turn aside,  
And in his Statutes shall not firm abide,

We must be bold, to tell you from our Heart;  
That soon or syne the LORD will make you smart;  
And this hath very frequently been seen,  
In many Lands upon both King and Queen:  
This good Advice (we hope) will be no Treason,  
It's back'd with Scripture, and the height of Reason.

Nixt, Sir, we hope by your Heroick Hand,  
Shall be reduc'd, our broken \* Neighbouring Land: \* Ireland.  
We hope to see your great Parade advance,  
And fix your Camp into the Heart of France:  
We hope to see you Scall the Walls of Rome,  
And give the Man of Sin his Fatal Doom;  
And we our selves shall in your presence be,  
And Celebrate that strange Catastrophe.

Some Men that are our Enemies and yours,  
Say, That we'll not obey Superiour Powers;  
But yet, Great Sir, we'll make them understand,  
Before themselves, we'll notice your Command.

Great Sir, some in the Army, and the State,  
If they by any means could know their Fate,  
They would lend in their Strength, you to Dethrone,  
And set a Popish Tyrant thereupon;  
But Blessed be GOD, it is not in their Station,  
To know the Secrets of Predestination:  
They do pretend their King was thrust away,  
And that he got not fair impartial play!  
Which is right true, for if the Law had been  
Put in its force, against him and his Queen,  
Ere now they had been both in Purgatory,  
Through which Catholick Souls do enter Glory!  
Likewise, Great Sir, before the Throne shall be  
Possess'd by any Papists, such as he,  
Our Blood shall run like Chyds enraged Streams,  
And Phabus throw our Bodie send his Beams.

Great Sir, we thank you, Prelacy is gone,  
Under that Yoak, our Land did sadly groan,  
They have Oppressed us, and all our Friends,  
They strove to break our Conscience and our Means,  
And some of us they did not leave a Cock,  
Nor in our Yard a growing green Kelstock.

And now, Great Sir, in an unusual manner,  
We Fight under a Regal British Banner;  
We are your Servants, and will spend our Blood,  
Upon the Quarrel, while the Cause is good;  
We'll go through all the World at your Command,  
We hope, Great Sir, You'll give Us Pay in hand.  
GREAT SIR, We close, hoping You will remember,  
We're in the North, and now it is December;  
Our Cloaths are thinn, our Purfes are right bare,  
To bide these two, Great Sir, it is right fare.  
And also, Sir, we lye among our Foes,  
Giv'nd subscribed, at Montrose.

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